Approved For Release 2000/08/07 : CIA-RDP96-00788R001400670001-4

	COORDINATE REMOTE VIEWING TRAINING (CRVT)
CRVT Report	939
DATE/TIME C	ONDUCTED: 211427 Oct 82
SOURCE #:	63
FILE #:	14
SITE. New	Orleans Delta Area, see attached
JIIC: Now	oritans berta Area, see attached
EVALUATION:	Valid S-2's

Approved For Release 2000/08/07 : CIA-RDP96-00788R001400670001-4009 2100782 1427 290 56' 45' N 9004'35'0 29° 56' Noe Beak 79° 56' 45' N A Smooth Carries
B 29° 56' 45" N 90° 4'35" W M Beck

-2 -Approved For Release 2000/08/07: CIA-RDP96-00788R001400670001-4 1290 561 45" V 9004 35"W A-Rions B-land 29056' 45"N 9004N35"W A Rolling B-land guen Black Open 29°56'45"N 90°4'35"W A-enotic

Bland

-3-Approved For Release 2000/08/07 : CIA-RDP96-00788R001400670001-4 290 56'45"N 90048 33"W F smooth fluid B -2 56 45"N 904 35" W 29°56" 45°N 90° 4'35"W Miss Break

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290 561 45"N 90° 4′ 35° W

AM Breck

29° 56'45"N 90°435"W

A flott Hard Bland

5-2

70 56'45"N 900 4'35"W

A

5-2

29°56'45"N 90°4'35"W

A megular Bland

5-2 dark green Gleilage

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2-056'45"N No°4'35"W	
	A M Back
29°56'45"N 90°4'35"W	
70 ()	A flat Prisit of flat Bland
	A rising Bland
290 56' 45" W	A coming B I and
	Ad Book Book

Approved For Release 2000/08/07 : CIA-RDP96-00788R001400670001-4 190 56' 45"N 700 4135"W A Amglees Bononnade 29° 56' 45"N 90°4135"W Ale Atusted B. B. B. land .29°56′45″N 90°4′35″W A flot c bland A depressed c 13 valley

Approved For Release 2000/08/07 : CIA-RDP96-00788R001400670001-4 B regilation A Flot C 5-7. green c Wet c thick veg c tres c swamp mels? Coolec forest sounds Pc Coldwater c sliney?C swamp w lot of trees 5



ASTER PILOT Carroll Ware wore the open smile of a child as he reached overhead, closed his fingers around a worn wooden handle, and pulled down hard. A geyser of steam erupted from the half-moon mouth of the whistle and the *Delta Queen* (above) lifted her voice, the fabled voice of Mark Twain's "great Mississippi, the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, shining in the sun..."

"Down New Orleans, they know what that sound means," said the pilot. "Steamboat comin'! The last one, but we're comin'!"

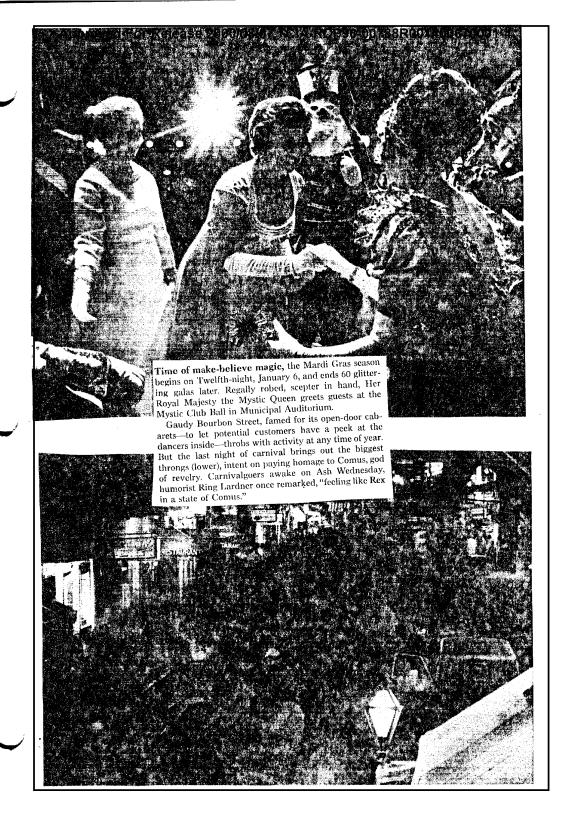
With the dignity of age, the 44-year-old *Queen* swung away from the levee at Vidalia, Louisiana, far upriver from New Orleans, where she had spent the night tied to willow

trees. On the wing bridge, the voice of big Capt. Ernest Wagner boomed out:

"Hard right! Half ahead! Stick her stern in the eddy, and the river will pull us around."

With swifter tempo, the red stern wheel pounded into foaming hillocks behind us the snows and rains of a million square miles. We voyaged on a vast flood that has carried men south for centuries—Frenchmen with furs in birchbark canoes, swaggering "Kaintucks" in flatboats and keelboats stuffed with the bounty of a new land, captains and roust-abouts on steamboats packed to the smokestacks with bales of cotton. Their destination was now mine: New Orleans, that city of Mediterranean mood where peoples of many cultures—French, Spanish, American, African—have created a singular way of life.





CPYRGHT

